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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 50/LDL L 269R

"DOCTOR WHO" 7P

22/11/89

'SURVIVAL'

by

Rona Munro

EPISODE ONE

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24th - 25th June 1989.

"DOCTOR WHO" 7P 'SURVIVAL' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
ACE  
THE MASTER  
PATERSON  
SHREELA  
MIDGE  
DEREK  
HARVEY (SHOP OWNER)  
LEN (SHOP OWNER'S FRIEND)  
STUART  
ANGE  
KARRA (CHEETAH PERSON WITH DARK BLAZE)  
MAN WASHING CAR  
DINNER'S READY WOMAN  
WOMAN AT WINDOW

NON-SPEAKING:

KIDS PLAYING IN STREET  
YOUNG MEN IN TRAINING ROOM  
ELDERLY WOMAN WATCHING DOCTOR  
CHEETAH PEOPLE AT ENCAMPMENT

\* \* \* \* \*

O.B. LOCATION EXTERIORS:

First Perivale Street. (Car washing/Tardis arrives)  
Back Garden. (cats fighting)  
Wasteground.  
Second Perivale Street. (Cat on windowsill/kids playing)  
Planet (Close up shots of Master)  
Street Outside Youth Club.  
Street Outside Shop.  
Third Perivale Street. (Jogger/Cat on wall)  
Playground.  
Planet/Barren Landscape. (Ace arrives)  
Plant/Copse of Trees. (Kids' hiding place)  
Alley. (Doctor, cat and dustbins)  
Long Wall. (Doctor and Paterson disappear)  
Cheetah Encampment.

"DOCTOR WHO" 7P 'SURVIVAL' EPISODE ONE

O.B. LOCATION INTERIORS: (cont)

Youth Club Lobby.

Youth Club Training Room.

Small Shop.

Shopping Precinct

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7P

'SURVIVAL'

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EPISODE ONE

1. EXT. FIRST PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(A STREET SEEN  
FROM HIGH UP,  
RESIDENTIAL  
STREET IN  
PERIVALE.

IT'S A SUNDAY  
AFTERNOON.

A MIDDLE AGED  
MAN IS WASHING  
HIS CAR.

WE SEE THE  
WATCHER WHOSE  
POINT OF VIEW  
WE HAVE BEEN  
SHARING.

A CAT HIGH UP  
ON A ROOF OR  
A WINDOW LEDGE  
OF THE HOUSE ON  
THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE STREET  
FROM THE CAR  
WASHER.

THE CAT'S EYES  
ARE RED/ORANGE.

A MIDDLE AGED  
WOMAN COMES TO  
THE DOOR OF THE  
HOUSE BEHIND THE  
CAR WASHER)

WOMAN: Dave? ... Your dinner's  
on the table.

(THE MAN WAVES

THE WOMAN  
GOES BACK  
INSIDE.

THE CAT'S  
P.O.V. THE  
STREET IS  
DESERTED APART  
FROM THE CAR  
WASHER.

THE MAN'S HAND  
HOLDING A BRIGHT  
PINK SPONGE  
WORKING SUDS  
OVER THE BONNET  
OF THE CAR.

THERE ARE THE  
SOUND OF RAPID  
APPROACHING HOOF-  
BEATS.

THE MAN STRAIGHTENS  
UP AND TURNS,  
FROWNING PUZZLED,  
HIS EXPRESSION  
CHANGES TO  
INCREDULITY AND  
TERROR. HE  
STARTS TO RUN  
CLUMSILY DOWN  
THE STREET.

THE HOOFBEATS  
GROW LOUDER)

THE WOMAN SEEN  
THROUGH THE FRONT  
WINDOW OF THEIR  
HOUSE PLACING  
FOOD ON THE  
TABLE. SHE HAS  
STOPPED, LISTENING.

THE HOOFBEATS  
REACH A CRESCENDO  
THERE IS A TERRIBLE  
SCREAM THEN SILENCE.

THE WOMAN MOVES  
QUICKLY TO THE  
WINDOW, OPENING  
IT AND LOOKING  
UP AND DOWN THE  
STREET)

WOMAN: Dave?

(THE STREET IS  
NOW COMPLETELY  
EMPTY, AN UP-  
TURNED BUCKET  
IS SPILLING  
SOAPY WATER  
INTO THE GUTTER  
BESIDE THE  
DRIPPING CAR.

FROM ITS VANTAGE  
POINT ON THE  
HOUSE OPPOSITE  
THE CAT SLIPS  
DOWN AND TROTS  
PURPOSEFULLY  
ACROSS THE ROAD  
LIKE A CAT THAT'S  
HEARD THE  
KIT-E-KAT CALL  
AND IS ANSWERING  
AT FULL SPEED.  
IT VANISHES OVER  
A HEDGE INTO  
SOMEONE'S GARDEN.

THE TARDIS  
MATERIALISES IN  
FRONT OF THE SAME  
PATCH OF HEDGE.

THE DOOR OPENS.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE EMERGE,  
HALFWAY INTO A  
CONVERSATION)

ACE: You had to pick a Sunday didn't you? You bring me back to Boredom capital of the Universe and you pick the one day of the week you can't even get a decent television programme.

(THE TWO OF THEM  
START WALKING  
DOWN THE STREET  
TOWARDS THE  
HALF WASHED CAR)

THE DOCTOR: As I recall Ace I brought you here at your own request.

ACE: I just said I wondered what the old gang were up to. You didn't need to bring us here did you. You could've dropped me uptown and I could've phoned. (cont ...)

(THEY ARE NOW  
LEVEL WITH THE  
CAR.

THE WOMAN IS NOW  
DOWN AT THE EDGE  
OF THE PAVEMENT  
LOOKING UP AND  
DOWN THE ROAD.

THE DOCTOR SEES  
THE OVER-TURNED  
BUCKET AND BENDS  
OVER TO SET IT  
UPRIGHT, HE GLANCES  
AT THE WOMAN WHO  
IS CLEARLY AGITATED.

ACE CONTINUES  
WALKING AND  
TALKING:)

ACE: (cont) I just wanted to catch up with a few mates, that's all, we didn't have to have the guided tour ...  
(GLANCES ROUND) Come on Professor.

(THE DOCTOR  
CATCHES UP  
WITH HER)

THE DOCTOR: So what's so terrible about Perivale?

ACE: Nothing ever happens here.



2. EXT. BACK GARDEN. DAY.

(ANOTHER STREET.

VIEW OF THE BACK  
OF A HOUSE OVER  
A SMALL GARDEN.

UNSEEN SOMEWHERE  
IN THE GARDEN A  
CAT FIGHT IS IN  
PROGRESS, SOUNDS  
OF HORRIFIC  
YOWLING AND  
SPITTING.

A WOMAN PULLS  
UP AN UPSTAIRS  
WINDOW IN THE  
HOUSE AND SHOUTS  
DOWN)

WOMAN AT WINDOW: Shoo! Get out of  
here! Go on!

(A CRESCENDO  
OF YOWLS THEN  
OMINOUS SILENCE.

THE WOMAN FROWNS,  
PUZZLED.

A CAT EMERGES  
FROM THE BUSHES  
AND LOOKS UP AT  
HER BRIEFLY. ITS  
EYES ARE RED)

3. EXT. WASTEGROUND. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE STANDING  
IN A PATCH OF  
WASTEGROUND.

AN EMPTY BUILDING  
SITE OR DISUSED  
LOT.

THERE IS NO-ONE  
ELSE IN SIGHT)

ACE: How long since I was here then?

THE DOCTOR: You've been away exactly  
as long as you think you have.

ACE: Feel like I've been away forever.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
TWIDDLING HIS  
THUMBS)

THE DOCTOR: Any particular reason  
for standing here?

ACE: It's Sunday.

(THE DOCTOR  
LOOKS AT HER)

Some of the gang always comes down  
here on a Sunday.

(THE DOCTOR  
LOOKS AROUND  
THE EMPTY SITE)

THE DOCTOR: What for?

ACE: I dunno ... light a fire,  
muck about, you know.

THE DOCTOR: Ah. (HE YAWNS)

ACE: Well I told you it was dull.  
(SHE GLARES AT HIM) Well you don't  
need to hang about, I'll meet you  
back at the Tardis if you want.

THE DOCTOR: No I'm sure I'll find  
... something to interest me.

(THE DOCTOR  
PICKS A WEED  
AND LOOKS AT  
IT DUBIOUSLY.  
HE DROPS IT  
AGAIN)

ACE: Maybe they don't come here  
anymore.

(THE DOCTOR  
IS LOOKING  
AT THE GROUND.  
THERE ARE FOOT-  
PRINTS IN THE  
WET EARTH,  
MIXED IN WITH  
THEM ARE HOOF-  
PRINTS AND PAW-  
PRINTS)

There's no-one here is there?  
Nothing but tin cans and stray cats.

THE DOCTOR: ... and horses.

ACE: Horses? In Perivale? Don't  
be stupid.

(ACE WALKS OFF.

THE DOCTOR  
FROWNS DOWN  
AT THE HOOF-  
PRINT FOR A  
MOMENT THEN  
FOLLOWS HER)

4. EXT. SECOND PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(A CAT SITTING  
ON ANOTHER WINDOW-  
SILL LOOKING DOWN.

SOME YOUNG KIDS  
ARE MUCKING ABOUT  
WITH A BALL ON  
THE STREET)

5. EXT. PLANET. DAY.

(A MAN'S EYES  
IN HARD CLOSE  
UP, WE CAN'T  
SEE WHO'S FACE  
WE ARE LOOKING  
AT. THE EYES  
BECOME CAT-  
LIKE, YELLOW  
WITH A NARROW  
BLACK PUPIL)

THE MASTER: Show me.

6. EXT. SECOND PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(THE KIDS  
KICKING THE  
BALL)

7. EXT. PLANET. DAY.

(THE CAT-  
LIKE EYES)

THE MASTER: No. There is no sport  
for you here.



8. EXT. SECOND PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(THE CAT JUMPS  
OFF THE WINDOW-  
SILL.

THE KIDS GAME  
CARRIES THEM  
PAST A TELEPHONE  
BOX.

ACE IS INSIDE.

THE DOCTOR IS  
LEANING ON THE  
OUTSIDE. HE  
YAWNS AGAIN THEN  
FREEZES MID YAWN.

THE CAT TROTTING  
AWAY UP THE STREET)

THE DOCTOR: I wonder ...

(ACE COMES OUT  
OF THE TELEPHONE  
BOX)

ACE: (DEPRESSED) Nobody home.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
STILL FROWNING  
AFTER THE CAT)

Are you really fed up with this  
Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Hmmm?

ACE: Can we just try down the  
Youth Club?

9. INT. YOUTH CLUB. LOBBY. DAY.

(INTERIOR OF  
THE YOUTH CLUB,  
A SHABBY ONE  
STORIED BOX OF  
A BUILDING.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE PUSH OPEN  
CRACKED GLASS  
DOORS AND WALK  
INTO THE LOBBY.

THEY PAUSE LOOKING  
ROUND. DOORS  
LEADING OFF THE  
LOBBY SHOW ROOMS  
THAT ARE COMPLETELY  
EMPTY)

ACE: Where is everyone?

(THE DOCTOR IS  
STANDING STILL,  
LISTENING.

THERE ARE FAINT  
NOISES, RYTHMIC  
GRUNTS OF EXERTION  
COMING FROM BEHIND  
THE ONLY CLOSED  
DOOR.

ACE IS PEERING  
INTO THE EMPTY  
ROOMS)

I mean it always was a dump but at  
least you could meet people ...  
Look at this, we used to have a  
coffee bar in here, what's happened  
to the coffee bar? Where is everyone?

THE DOCTOR: Ace.

(THE DOCTOR  
INDICATES THE  
CLOSED DOOR.

AT THAT MOMENT  
ABOUT A DOZEN  
MALE VOICES  
YELL IN UNISON.

ACE OPENS THE  
DOOR)

10. INT. YOUTH CLUB. TRAINING ROOM. DAY.

(THE INTERIOR  
OF BARE WINDOWLESS  
ROOM WITHOUT  
FURNISHINGS.  
HALF A DOZEN  
YOUNG MEN IN  
TRACK SUIT  
BOTTOMS AND  
TEE SHIRTS  
ARE STANDING  
WATCHING TWO  
OTHER YOUNG MEN  
IN THE CENTRE OF  
THE ROOM. ONE,  
STUART, HAS  
THE OTHER PINNED  
TO THE FLOOR AND  
IS HOLDING HIM  
THERE.)

PATERSON IS  
STANDING OVER  
THEM. PATERSON  
IS A SMALL STOCKY  
MAN IN HIS  
FORTIES WHO  
LOOKS AS IF  
HE FIGHTS A  
CONSTANT BATTLE  
WITH A BEER GUT  
AS WELL AS  
ANYTHING ELSE  
THAT GETS IN  
HIS WAY. RIGHT  
NOW HE IS BENDING  
OVER THE MEN ON  
THE FLOOR SHOUTING  
AT THEM)

PATERSON: Well go on! Go on lad!  
What're you waiting for?

(STUART LOOKS UP)

STUART: I've beat him Sarge.

PATERSON: What? You think we're playing games do you? Let's pretend eh? That what you're going to do to some villian, some mugger? Help him up, dust him down, shake hands? Go on!

(STUART CRACKS  
THE OTHER BOY'S  
FACE OFF THE  
FLOOR THEN LEAPS  
AWAY FROM HIM.

ACE WINCES)

That's it!

(PATERSON BENDS  
OVER THE FALLEN  
BOY, WHO IS  
LYING GROANING,  
CLUTCHING HIS  
FACE)

Alright lad, you're O.K. On your feet now.

(PATERSON PULLS  
THE BOY UP.  
THE OTHERS ARE  
WATCHING SILENTLY,  
THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ARE STILL  
STANDING IN THE  
DOORWAY)

Come on, you're alright eh? (cont...)

(THE BOY MUTTERS  
AGREEMENT, STILL  
HOLDING HIS FACE.

PATERSON RUFFLES  
HIS HAIR WITH  
HEAVY HANDED  
AFFECTION)

PATERSON: (cont) That's my boy.  
You go get cleaned up eh?

(THE BOY SHAMBLES  
OUT PAST THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE. PATERSON  
SEES THEM)

I'll be right with you.

(TURNS TO THE  
OTHER BOYS)

O.K. shake hands lads and we'll see  
you on Friday.

(THERE IS A PAUSE  
THEN THE BOYS  
TURN TO EACH  
OTHER, SUBDUED,  
SHAKING HANDS  
APART FROM  
STUART WHO  
STILL STANDS  
STARING AT  
PATERSON)

What?

STUART: I'd already beat him Sarge.

PATERSON: Oh ... (cont...)

(PATERSON STARTS  
TO MOVE IN ON  
STUART)

PATERSON: (cont) Think I'm too hard do you? Pushing you too hard am I? Ever heard of survival of the fittest son eh? Ever heard of that? Lifes not a game son is it?

(PATERSON PUNCTUATES  
EACH QUESTION  
WITH A JAB AT  
STUART GETTING  
PROGRESSIVELY  
ROUGHER)

I'm teaching you to survive lad, I'm teaching you to fight back. What are you going to do when life starts pushing you around eh? What you going to do?

(AS PATERSON DIRECTS  
A FINAL JAB STUART  
HITS OUT AT HIM,  
PATERSON BLOCKS  
IT LAUGHING)

That's my boy!

(PATERSON RUFFLES  
STUART'S HAIR  
AFFECTIONATELY,  
HOLDS ONTO HIS  
HEAD PEERING  
INTO HIS FACE)

Alright now eh? Alright?

(STUART GRINS  
RELUCTANTLY)

STUART: Alright Sarge.

PATERSON: Off you go then.

(THE YOUNG MEN  
INCLUDING STUART  
JOG OUT THE  
DOOR PAST  
THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE, A  
CHORUS OF 'Bye  
Sarge, see you  
Sarge' ETC.

PATERSON TURNS  
TO ACE AND  
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Survival of the fittest,  
a rather glib generalisation bound  
to be misinterpreted, I said as much  
to Charles at the time. Fit for  
what Sergeant ...?

PATERSON: Paterson. And you show me  
a better way of surviving and I'll  
give it a go.

ACE: Where's everyone else?

PATERSON: Who you looking for love?

(THE DOCTOR MOVES  
OUT INTO THE  
LOBBY)



11. INT. YOUTH CLUB. LOBBY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
LOOKING OUT  
THROUGH THE  
GLASS DOORS  
AT THE BOYS  
WHO ARE JOGGING  
OFF DOWN THE  
ROAD DIRECTING  
PLAY PUNCHES  
AT EACH OTHER,  
TRYING TO TRIP  
EACH OTHER UP.  
THE INJURED BOY  
TRAILS AT THE  
BACK STILL  
HOLDING HIS  
FACE)

ACE: (O.O.V.) Everyone! Everyone  
used to hang out in here Sundays, it  
was the only place you could get out  
of the house and out of the weather.

12. INT. YOUTH CLUB. TRAINING ROOM. DAY.

(PATERSON IS NOW  
PULLING ON A  
TRACK SUIT TOP  
AND DRAPING A  
TOWEL ROUND HIS  
NECK)

PATERSON: It's self defence every  
Sunday afternoon now. That sorted  
the sheep from the goats eh? I  
don't know where the wasters go now ...  
Don't I know you from some place?

ACE: I don't think ...

PATERSON: Oh yeah ... let off with  
a warning weren't you? You were  
lucky.

13. INT. YOUTH CLUB. LOBBY. DAY.

(SAME TIME ACE  
AND PATERSON'S  
CONVERSATION  
CONTINUES IN  
THE OTHER ROOM)

ACE: (O.O.V.) I'm just looking for  
my friends O.K.?

(THE DOCTOR  
NOTICES A  
CAT SITTING  
JUST OUTSIDE  
THE DOOR LOOKING  
IN)

PATERSON: (O.O.V.) Don't think  
you'll have much luck then.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
AT THE CAT.

THE CAT LOOKS  
STEADILY BACK.  
IT'S EYES ARE  
RED)

14. EXT. PLANET. DAY.

(WE SEE NOTHING  
OF THE SURROUNDINGS,  
JUST CATLIKE EYES  
IN C.U.)

THE MASTER: (A LONG BREATH OF  
SATISFACTION) Ah!

15. INT. YOUTH CLUB. LOBBY. DAY.

(ACE AND PATERSON  
MOVE INTO THE  
LOBBY BEHIND  
THE DOCTOR)

PATERSON: No I think you'll find most  
of your crowd have moved on.

ACE: Moved on where?

PATERSON: Well I think you'll have  
a better idea of that than me love  
eh? Where have you been hiding  
yourself?

ACE: Around.

PATERSON: Your Mum had you listed  
as a missing person.

(ACE LOOKS AWAY)

Don't give a toss do you? Four kids  
gone missing just this month.  
Vanished. Into thin air. (SNORTS)  
I don't know, it's the parents I  
feel sorry for, doesn't take much to  
phone love. Ten pence. That's all.

(ACE TURNS HER  
BACK ON HIM  
AND PUSHES  
HER WAY ANGRILY  
OUT THE GLASS  
DOORS)

ACE: Come on Professor.

(THE CAT IS  
STARTLED AWAY  
AS ACE EXITS.

THE DOCTOR  
TURNS TO  
PATERSON.

ACE IS STOMPING  
ANGRILY DOWN THE  
PATH.

PATERSON LOOKS  
AFTER HTR  
SHAKING HIS  
HEAD)

PATERSON: I don't know, I wouldn't  
be that age again if you paid me,  
would you?

THE DOCTOR: I can't remember, it's a  
long time ago.

(THEY FOLLOW ACE  
OUT THE DOORS)

16. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE YOUTH CLUB. DAY.

PATERSON: What a world to be seventeen in eh? How're they supposed to cope? I reckon you teach them to fight, that's all you can do. Then they'll fight or go under. Half of them go under anyway round here. Past saving. Wasters.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me Sergeant do you have a problem with strays?

PATERSON: Strays?

THE DOCTOR: Cats.

(PATERSON LOOKS  
AT HIM IN  
DISBELIEF)

PATERSON: I wouldn't know sir, it's hardly a police priority round here.

THE DOCTOR: Hmmm.

(ACE TURNS BACK)

ACE: Come on Doctor!

PATERSON: Doctor eh? You're not in the best of shape yourself though are you?

THE DOCTOR: What?

PATERSON: You want to build yourself up. I do a session down here Monday nights, for the older men.

(THE DOCTOR  
LOOKS AT HIM  
WITH DISTASTE)

THE DOCTOR: (MURMURS) I must just go and see a man about a cat.

(THE DOCTOR QUICKENS  
HIS PACE TO CATCH  
UP WITH ACE.)

PATERSON CALLS  
AFTER THEM)

PATERSON: Keep fit and self defence!

ACE: (MUTTERS) I don't believe it.

PATERSON: One finger can be a deadly weapon!

ACE: There's a lot I could say about that but I won't.

(THE CAT LOOKS  
OUT FROM A  
HIDING PLACE  
AT THE DOCTOR  
AND ACE WALKING  
AWAY IN THE  
DISTANCE)



17. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SMALL SHOP. DAY.

(ACE AND THE DOCTOR  
WALKING DOWN A  
STREET PAST A  
NEWSAGENT/MINI  
MARKET, ITS  
NEXT DOOR TO A  
PUB)

ACE: Still looks the same, dead, we  
were the only life there ever was  
round here.

(THE DOCTOR PAUSES  
LOOKING AT AN  
OLD HEADLINE  
ON A SANDWICH  
BOARD OUTSIDE  
THE NEWSAGENT.

THE HEADLINE  
READS 'LOCAL  
WOMAN STILL  
MISSING, POLICE  
ABANDON HOPE')

We used to come round here sometimes,  
hang about outside try and get the  
big kids to buy us cans. Used to  
pocket our cash didn't they? Blow  
it all on pool. Till I sorted them  
out. Suppose my lot'll be able to  
get in now though eh? I'm nearly  
legal Professor. (GRINS) Back in  
a sec.

(ACE VANISHES  
INTO THE PUB.

THE DOCTOR GOES  
INTO THE NEWSAGENT/  
MINI MARKET)

18. INT. SMALL SHOP. DAY.

(INSIDE THE MINI  
MARKET. THE DOCTOR  
PICKS UP A WIRE  
BASKET STARING  
AT IT CURIOUSLY  
FOR A SECOND  
THEN PUTTING  
IT DOWN AGAIN, HE  
STARTS TO WALK  
DOWN THE SHELVES  
LOOKING AT THE  
CONTENTS AND  
PICKING UP  
ITEMS TO STARE  
AT THEM MORE  
CLOSELY AS IF  
THEY WERE BOOKS  
IN A LIBRARY.

THE SHOP OWNER  
(HARVEY) AND LEN  
HIS MATE ARE  
LEANING ON EITHER  
SIDE OF THE  
COUNTER BY THE  
TILL PUTTING  
THE WORLD TO  
RIGHTS)

HARVEY: Well you take this Sunday  
opening, think I want to do it?  
Think I want to give up my one day  
of rest and come in here and sit in  
front of this cash register, does  
your back in working a till all day,  
it's a fact, there was a thing about  
it on the news the other night. (cont...)

(THE DOCTOR PAUSES  
IN FRONT OF CANS  
OF CAT FOOD.

THE DOCTOR PICKS  
UP ONE AND LOOKS  
AT IT, THEN  
SELECTS ANOTHER,  
HE HOLDS ONE IN  
EACH HAND LOOKING  
CAREFULLY AT ONE,  
THEN THE OTHER)

HARVEY: (cont) Well it's the law of  
the jungle though right? Survival  
of the fittest, all these other shops,  
they're open aren't they? Where'd  
d'you think I'd be if I didn't join  
in? Down the plughole that's where,  
down the plughole without a paddle  
can I help you?

(THIS LAST TO  
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Which would you say they  
preferred?

HARVEY: What?

THE DOCTOR: Of the two brands which  
would you say our feline friends  
found particularly irresistible?

(MAN AND HIS  
MATE EXCHANGE  
GLANCES. 'OH GOD  
A LOONY')

HARVEY: Well if we are to believe  
the advertising, that one is beloved  
of cat connoisseurs and that one is  
the taste all cat owners who really  
care put in the dish whereas that  
one has the smell that drives tabby  
cats wild.

LEN: Nah, that's an aftershave ad.

HARVEY: Is it?

LEN: Or is it for cars ...?

HARVEY: Well all I know is our Tiger goes mad for cheese.

THE DOCTOR: Cheese ... thank you.

(THE DOCTOR  
MOVES TO THE  
REFRIGERATED  
CABINET.

HARVEY AND  
LEN EXCHANGE  
ANOTHER 'OH  
MY GOD' LOOK)

HARVEY: Yeah, it's the law of the jungle.

LEN: These two guys, in a tent, in the jungle ...

HARVEY: (STARTING TO GRIN) Alright, alright you got another one for me have you?

(AS THE MEN  
CONTINUE SPEAKING  
WE SEE THE DOCTOR  
FROM THE P.O.V. OF  
SOMETHING LOW DOWN  
LOOKING OUT FROM  
BEHIND TINS AND  
BOXES. THE DOCTOR  
HAS HIS BACK TO  
IT SNIFFING AT  
CHEESES)

LEN: So it's dark right, then they  
here this terrible noise outside  
the tent, this terrible roaring,  
and the one guy turns to the other  
and he says 'Do you hear that? Do  
you hear that? That's a lion'.

(THE DOCTOR FREEZES.  
HE TURNS SLOWLY  
LOOKING DIRECTLY  
TOWARDS WHERE  
WHATEVER IT IS  
IS LOOKING BACK  
AT HIM)

So the other guy doesn't say a word,  
he just starts pulling on these running  
shoes right?

(THE DOCTOR STARTS  
TO WALK FORWARD  
SLOWLY, HIS ARMS  
FULL OF CAT FOOD  
AND CHEESE, STARING  
INTENTLY AT  
WHATEVER IS WATCHING  
HIM)

And the first guy says, what you doing?  
You can't outrun a lion? And this guy  
says I don't have to outrun the lion.

(THE TWO MEN  
FALL ABOUT.

SOMETHING ERUPTS  
OUT OF THE BOTTOM  
SHELF IN FRONT  
OF THE DOCTOR  
AND LEAPS AT  
HIS FACE, SEEN  
FROM THE P.O.V.  
OF HIS ATTACKER.

THE DOCTOR YELLS  
AND DUCKS DROPPING  
HIS SHOPPING.

THE SHOP DOOR  
BANGS AS SOMETHING  
CRASHES OUT.

THE TWO MEN  
GAPE AT THE DOCTOR  
(ON THE GROUND)

HARVEY: Are you alright?

LEN: I told you you should get that  
cat done.

HARVEY: That wasn't Tiger, I'm telling  
you, you put a catflap in and you get  
just anything coming into your house.

19. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SMALL SHOP. DAY.

(OUTSIDE ON THE  
PAVEMENT. ACE IS  
SITTING ON THE  
KERB LOOKING  
DEPRESSED.)

THE DOCTOR EMERGES  
WITH A HANDFUL OF  
TINS AND CHEESE)

THE DOCTOR: Did you find your friends?

(ACE LOOKS UP)

ACE: No-one even remembers them.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKING  
AT HIS ARMLOAD)

THE DOCTOR: I'm sure I've forgotten  
something.

(HARVEY EMERGES  
IN THE DOORWAY  
BEHIND THEM)

HARVEY: Oy! Haven't you forgotten  
something?

(THE DOCTOR  
BEAMS AT HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Yes?

HARVEY: Money.

(THE DOCTOR  
FROWNS AGAIN)

THE DOCTOR: No that wasn't it.

(ACE SIGHS AND  
PRODUCES GREAT  
HANDFULS OF TEN  
PENCES)

ACE: I got lucky on the fruit machine.

THE DOCTOR: Lucky?

ACE: Well ... they're all fixed  
anyway, those machines.



20. INT. SMALL SHOP. DAY.

(HARVEY BACK  
INSIDE LOOKING  
INTO THE BACK OF  
HIS SHOP. A  
STOREROOM OF  
SHELVES. HE IS  
CALLING HIS CAT)

HARVEY: Tiger, pss pss pss, Tiger  
come on then.

(A FURRY REMNANT  
IS LYING IN THE  
SHADOWS UNDER THE  
SHELVES.

HARVEY SEES IT)

What the ...!

(LEN CALLS THROUGH  
FROM THE FRONT  
SHOP)

LEN: What is it?

HARVEY: Len ... I think something's  
eaten Tiger.

21. INT. SHOPPING PRECINCT. DAY.

(A DESERTED  
SHOPPING PRECINCT.  
A DEPRESSED  
LOOKING YOUNG  
WOMAN, ANGE IS  
STANDING HOLDING  
A CAN WITH 'HUNT  
SABOTEURS' WRITTEN  
ON IT, SHE IS  
SHAKING IT  
MONOTONOUSLY AT  
NO-ONE AT ALL.  
SHE IS WEARING  
JUMBLE AND SNIFFING  
ON EVERY SECOND  
BREATH.

ACE AND THE  
DOCTOR WALK TOWARDS  
HER.

ACE RECOGNISES  
HER. SHE BEAMS,  
RUNS TOWARDS HER)

ACE: Ange!

(ANGE LOOKS ROUND,  
SHE FROWNS, THEN  
MANAGES A WATERY  
GRIN)

ANGE: Hi Ace. Thought you were dead.

ACE: What?

ANGE: That's what they said, either you  
were dead or you'd gone to Birmingham.  
(SNIFFS) Comes to the same thing I  
suppose. (LOOKS AT DOCTOR) Who's he?

(THE DOCTOR HAS  
BEEN DISTRACTED  
BY ONE OF THE  
SHOP WINDOW DISPLAYS,  
HE GOES TO PEER  
THROUGH THE GLASS)

ACE: He's a friend of mine.

ANGE: Oh.

(DOESN'T KNOW WHAT  
TO MAKE OF THAT)

So you back to see your family.

ACE: No.

ANGE: So what you doing here? You're  
well out of this dump.

ACE: I wanted to see my mates didn't  
I? Catch up a bit.

ANGE: Oh. (SNIFF)

(THE DOCTOR IS  
PEERING IN AT  
A DISPLAY OF FUR  
COATS. HE FROWNS  
PEERING AT A  
SPOTTED FUR)

THE DOCTOR: (MUTTERING) But where are  
they coming from?

ACE: Where is everyone?

ANGE: Who? (SNIFF)

ACE: Jay.

ANGE: (SNIFF) Dunno moved over west someplace, think he's doing window cleaning, that's what I heard.

ACE: Stevey?

ANGE: Oh he's gone.

ACE: Flo?

ANGE: Married Darth.

ACE: Darth Vader the brain dead plumber? Flo?

ANGE: Yeah, makes you think eh?

ACE: What about Shreela?

ANGE: Oh she's gone.

ACE: Midge?

ANGE: He's gone too.

ACE: What do you mean gone? Gone where?

ANGE: I dunno. Gone. Vanished.

ACE: People don't just vanish!

ANGE: You did.

ACE: Yeah ... well ... that's different.

ANGE: Is it?

ACE: Well when did they go?

ANGE: I dunno ... Last month?

ACE: What!?

ANGE: Well Midge and Stevey went last month, Shreela went last week, they had to scrape her Mum off the ceiling ... Funny, I always thought she got on alright with her family.

ACE: (SLOWLY) It doesn't make sense.

ANGE: That's what I said. Know what I reckon?

(ACE SHAKES  
HER HEAD)

U.F.O's. They whisk them off and do experiments on them, like we do on animals. I wouldn't fancy cutting Stevey open to see what's inside would you? (RAISES CAN) Come on give us ten pence at least.

(THE DOCTOR APPROACHES  
THEM AGAIN.

ANGE RATTLES  
HER CAN HOPEFULLY.

THE DOCTOR SCRABBLES  
ABSENTMINDEDLY IN  
HIS POCKET, PRODUCES  
A HEAVY GOLD COIN,  
PEERS AT IT  
DUBIOUSLY THEN  
ATTEMPTS TO SHOVE  
IT IN HER CAN.  
IT STICKS.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ANGE PEER DOWN  
AT THE FAT SLAB OF  
GOLD WEDGED IN THE  
SLOT OF HER CAN.

THE DOCTOR RAISES  
ONE FINGER AND  
TAPS IT SHARPLY,  
IT DROPS.

ANGE GAPES.

THE DOCTOR INSPECTS  
THE MOTTO ON THE  
SIDE OF THE CAN.

HE TAPS THE CAN)

THE DOCTOR: It isn't a very efficient  
kind of hunt really when you think  
about it is it? All that noise  
and pantomime to slaughter one little  
animal.

(ANGE GOES ON  
GAPING AT HIM)

If you were going to hunt, really hunt,  
you'd do it alone, you'd study your  
prey, observe its movements so you  
could surprise it, alone, unsuspecting.  
And you wouldn't kill too many, and  
you'd be very careful, to cover your  
tracks so you could keep on hunting the  
same ground, so your prey never even  
caught a smell of you. (SNIFFS) Do you  
smell that?

(ANGE SNIFFS  
ENERGETICALLY)

ANGE: I can't, hayfever.

ACE: What are you talking about  
Professor? is something going on  
here?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know, I'm not  
certain ... yet.

(HE TURNS AWAY  
THINKING HARD.

ANGE LOOKS  
SIDEWAYS AT ACE)

ANGE: (WHISPER) Is he ...?

(ACE SHAKES HER  
HEAD IMPATIENTLY)

ACE: Professor?

THE DOCTOR: When is a cat not a  
cat?

(ACE AND ANGE  
LOOK BLANK)

When it builds its own cat flap.

(THE DOCTOR WAVES  
A TIN OF CATFOOD)

Bait. Come on Ace.

(HE WALKS RAPIDLY  
OUT OF THE PRECINCT)

ACE: Hang on Professor!

(SHE RUNS AFTER  
HIM.

ANGE SHRUGS AND  
GIVES ANOTHER HOPELESS  
RATTLE TO HER  
TIN)

21A. EXT. PLANET. DAY.

(A CLOSE UP EYES,  
LOOKING NORMAL,  
WE STILL CAN'T  
SEE WHOSE EYES)

THE MASTER: Show me.

(HIS EYES TURN  
YELLOW WITH THE  
NARROW BLACK  
PUPIL)

Show me!



22. EXT. THIRD PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(STUART JOGGING  
DOWN AN EMPTY  
STREET PUNCHING  
THE AIR WITH  
LITTLE WHISTLING  
BREATHS AS HE DOES  
SO.

A CAT SITTING  
IN THE SHELTER OF  
THE WALL WATCHES  
HIM PASS.

THE CATS' EYES  
WATCHING  
RED EYES)

23. EXT. PLANET. DAY.

(THE MASTER'S  
EYES)

THE MASTER: Yes, he will do very  
well.

24. EXT. THIRD PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(STUART IS JOGGING  
DOWN THE CENTRE OF  
OF THE ROAD WITH  
HIS HEAD DOWN.

HE RAISES HIS  
HEAD AND STOPS  
DEAD FOR ONE  
FROZEN SECOND OF  
TERROR AND AMAZEMENT  
THEN STARTS TO  
PELT BACK UP THE  
ROAD.

THE SOUND OF  
HOOFBEATS. SEEN  
FROM THE P.O.V. OF  
THE PURSUER  
THUNDERING DOWN ON  
STUART, GAINING  
FAST. JUST AS  
IT'S RIGHT ON TOP  
OF HIM STUART  
SCREAMS.

AN EMPTY STREET  
WITH NO SIGN OF  
STUART OR WHATEVER  
CHASED HIM.

THE CAT IS SITTING  
ON TOP OF A WALL  
PEACEFULLY WASHING  
ITSELF. IT LOOKS  
UP.

ACE AND THE  
DOCTOR ARE  
APPROACHING.

THE CAT JUMPS OFF  
THE WALL AND MOVES  
AWAY.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE SIT ON TOP  
OF THE SAME WALL.

ACE LOOKS ROUND  
HER DISCONSOLATELY.

THE DOCTOR IS  
TAKING TINS OF  
CAT FOOD OUT OF  
ALL HIS POCKETS)

ACE: Can't believe he said that  
you know. That Plod. I reckon  
that was well out or order. Ten  
pence. I mean even if I could've  
phoned, which I couldn't right?  
Do you think they'd've listened?

(THE DOCTOR PICKS  
UP A TIN OF  
CATFOOD LOOKS  
AT IT, SHAKES  
IT LOOKING  
VAGUELY PUZZLED,  
SUDDEN REALISATION)

THE DOCTOR: (MUTTERED IRRITATION)  
Tinopener.

ACE: It's not like I was homesick  
for a place, just that time ...  
just the whole crowd ... we had  
a really good laugh you know ...  
Can't believe they've all just  
disappeared.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
NOW APPARENTLY  
LISTENING TO A  
TIN OF CATFOOD)

Professor ...?

THE DOCTOR: (SURGEON ASKING FOR  
EQUIPMENT) Tin opener.

(ACE SIGHS AND  
PRODUCES ONE  
FROM A POCKET.  
(SWISS ARMY KNIFE?)  
THE DOCTOR OPENS  
ONE TIN, PLACES  
IT ON THE GROUND  
AND OPENS ANOTHER)

ACE: Professor are you listening  
to me?

(THE DOCTOR IS  
NOW CHECKING WIND  
DIRECTION WITH  
HIS FINGER)

THE DOCTOR: Shhh! Ace I'm  
concentrating.

(ACE LOOKS AT  
HIM. SHE SWALLOWS  
HARD. SHE GETS  
UP OFF THE WALL  
AND WALKS AWAY.  
SHE LOOKS BACK  
ONCE.

THE DOCTOR IS  
NOW PLACING OPENED  
TINS OF CATFOOD  
ON THE PAVEMENT  
IN FRONT OF THE  
WALL.

ACE TURNS HER  
BACK AGAIN AND  
WALKS QUICKLY AWAY.

THE DOCTOR FINISHES  
ARRANGING THE  
TINS TO HIS  
SATISFACTION AS AN  
AFTERTHOUGHT HE  
TAKES A PIECE OF  
CHEESE OUT OF HIS  
POCKET AND PUTS  
THAT DOWN AS WELL.

THE DOCTOR CLIMBS  
BACK OVER  
THE WALL AND  
PEERS OVER THE  
TOP OF IT, JUST  
HIS HAT AND EYES  
SHOWING, WATCHING  
THE TINS)

25. EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

(ACE SITS ON  
A SWING IN A  
DESERTED PLAYGROUND,  
SWINGING SLOWLY  
BACKWARDS AND  
FORWARDS. A CAT  
WANDERS IN AND  
SITS AT HER  
FEET. LOOKS  
UP, MEWS PLAINLY.)

ACE LOOKS AT  
IT. SIGHS)

ACE: Come on then.

(ACE PICKS THE  
CAT UP.)

WE SEE ITS EYES,  
THEY ARE RED/ORANGE)

26. EXT. THIRD PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR PEERING  
OVER THE WALL.  
A CAT APPROACHES  
AND SNIFFS AT  
ONE OF THE TINS)

THE DOCTOR: Pssst!

(THE CAT LOOKS  
ROUND.

THE CATS EYES  
IN CLOSE UP)

(SIGHS) No, you're not what I'm  
looking for are you?

(AN ELDERLY WOMAN  
IS PEERING THROUGH  
HER WINDOW FROM  
BEHIND THE  
DOCTOR. SHE  
TAPS ON THE GLASS.

THE DOCTOR TURNS  
AND FLAPS AT HER)

Shhh!

(THE CAT SNIFFS  
AT THE FOOD  
AGAIN THEN BACKS  
OFF AS IT'S  
SMELT SOMETHING  
TERRIBLE.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
ANNOYED.

BEHIND HIM THE  
ELDERLY WOMAN IS  
NOW ON THE TELEPHONE)



27. EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

(ACE IN THE  
PLAYGROUND.

SHE SIGHS AGAIN  
AND STANDS UP,  
LETTING THE CAT  
DROP TO THE  
GROUND.

SHE STARTS TO  
WALK OFF.

THE CAT LOOKS  
AT HER WALKING  
AWAY.

ACE SEEN FROM  
BEHIND, SHE  
FREEZES AS IF  
SHE'S SENSED  
SOMETHING, SHE  
TURNS.

BEHIND HER IS  
A CHEETAH PERSON  
(KARRA) ON A  
HORSE.

THE HORSE IS  
COVERED IN ORANGE  
AND BLACK CLOTH  
AS IF IT WAS  
DECKED OUT FOR  
A MEDIEVAL  
JOUST.

THE CHEETAH PERSON  
IS HUMANOID IN SHAPE,

ITS EXPOSED BODY  
IS COVERED IN  
LIGHT GOLDEN FUR  
WITH IRREGULAR BLACK  
SPOTS, BOTH ITS  
HANDS AND ITS  
FEET WHICH ARE  
EXPOSED HAVE LONG  
JOINTS AND LONG  
CLAWS.

THE CHEETAH PERSON  
IS WEARING  
CLOTHING IN THE  
FORM OF THE  
SKINS OF A VARIETY  
OF OTHER ANIMALS,  
BIRDS FEATHERS,  
TEETH AND BONES  
ARE HUNG AROUND  
IT AND THE HORSE  
LIKE TROPHIES.  
ITS HEAD IS AGAIN  
HALF HUMAN HALF  
CAT WITH CAT'S  
EARS AND WHISKERS.  
IT HAS A DARK  
BLAZE OF FUR ON  
ITS FACE.

ACE GAPES AT IT,  
AWED)

ACE: Wow! (cont...)

(THE CHEETAH SMILES  
EXPOSING A MOUTH  
FULL OF VERY  
SHARP AND BUSINESS  
LIKE LOOKING TEETH.

ACE STOPS BEING  
IMPRESSED AND  
REALISES SHE'S IN  
TROUBLE.

SHE TURNS AND  
RUNS.

THE CHEETAH SPURS  
ITS HORSE AFTER  
ACE.

ACE DUCKS IN  
AMONG THE SWINGS  
TRYING TO KEEP  
THEM BETWEEN HER  
AND THE HORSE.

THE CHEETAH CHECKS  
THE HORSE AND  
TLOTS PARALLEL WITH  
HER. IT SMILES  
A SMILE THAT  
SAYS 'DINNERTIME',  
LICKING ITS  
WHISKERS.

ACE PEERS OUT  
AT IT FROM BEHIND  
THE SWINGS, SHE  
GULPS)

ACE: (cont) Doctor ...

28. EXT. THIRD PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
LOOKS OUT OVER  
THE WALL AS A  
SMALL DOG  
APPROACHES THE  
FOOD)

THE DOCTOR: Shooo!

(THE DOG IGNORES  
HIM AND STARTS  
TO TUCK INTO THE  
KIT-E-CAT)

Go away!

(THERE IS THE  
SOUND OF DISTANT  
HOOFBEATS AND  
ACE'S VOICE  
YELLING)

ACE: Doctor!

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
ROUND, PUZZLED)

THE DOCTOR: Ace?

29. EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY.

(THE CHEETAH  
HAS FLUSHED ACE  
OUT FROM HER  
REFUGE BEHIND  
THE SWINGS INTO  
OPEN GROUND.

SHE STANDS PANTING  
AS IT CIRCLES  
HER THEN GALLOPS  
AT HER.

ACE TURNS AND  
RUNS, YELLING  
AGAIN)

ACE: Doctor!

(THE CHEETAH  
IS RIGHT ON  
TOP OF HER.

THE DOCTOR PILES  
ROUND THE CORNER  
PANTING.

THE PLAYGROUND  
IS DESERTED,  
JUST ONE SWING  
SWAYING GENTLY  
TO AND FRO)

30. EXT. PLANET/BARREN LANDSCAPE. DAY.

(ACE RUNS OUT  
OF THIN AIR  
TO FIND HERSELF  
IN A BARREN  
LANDSCAPE, YELLOW  
AND PALE BLEACHED  
ROCKS, SUNBURNT  
GRASSES, A FEW  
BLACK THORNY  
BUSHES, A DISTANT,  
DARKER LINE OF  
HILLS ON THE  
HORIZON, TRICKLING  
SMOKE, IT'S A HOT  
EMPTY WILDERNESS  
OVERSHADOWED BY  
VOLCANOES.

ACE STOPS,  
GASPING, LOOKING  
ROUND, A GROUP  
OF CATS ARE  
MOVING OVER  
SOMETHING ON  
THE GROUND NEARBY.

SHE MOVES CLOSER  
TO SEE WHAT THEY'VE  
GOT.

A HAND, OBVIOUSLY  
A VERY DEAD  
HAND STILL CLUTCHING  
A PINK SPONGE.  
(IT'S THE CAR  
WASHING SPONGE  
FROM SCENE 1).

ACE'S FACE AS  
SHE LOOKS AT  
THE BODY.

THERE IS A  
FAINT NOISE,  
CLOTH SNAPPING  
IN THE BREEZE.

ACE TURNS.

THE CHEETAH  
PERSON IS SITTING  
ON ITS HORSE,  
MOTIONLESS, WATCHING  
HER, THEY STARE  
AT EACH OTHER  
THEN THE CHEETAH  
PERSON SPURS  
THE HORSE FORWARD.

ACE TURNS AND  
RUNS)

31. EXT. THIRD PERIVALE STREET. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR  
WALKING BACK  
TOWARDS HIS  
CAT TRAP.

THERE IS A  
CAT EATING THE  
CHEESE.

THE DOCTOR  
FREEZES.

THE CAT RAISES  
ITS HEAD AND  
LOOKS AT THE  
DOCTOR.

THE CAT'E EYES.  
RED/ORANGE)

THE DOCTOR: (WHISPERED) Got you.

(A HAND FALLS  
ON THE DOCTOR'S  
SHOULDER)

PATERSON: Got you! (cont...)

(THE CAT RUNS  
OFF.

PATERSON GETS A  
FIRMER GRIP ON  
THE DOCTOR, HE  
IS NOW IN HIS  
UNIFORM)



PATERSON: (cont) Now then, what do you think you're up to?

THE DOCTOR: Sergeant ...

PATERSON: I've had complaints ...

THE DOCTOR: There's no time, I have to follow that cat!

PATERSON: You're a public nuisance.

THE DOCTOR: (TRYING TO PULL AWAY)  
Will you let go of me!

PATERSON: Now don't be stupid eh?  
Don't get yourself into real trouble.

(THE DOCTOR  
STOPS STRUGGLING,  
HE LOOKS AT  
PATERSON FOR A  
SECOND)

THE DOCTOR: One finger can be a deadly weapon?

PATERSON: What's that? (cont...)

(THE DOCTOR  
TAPS PATERSON  
ON THE HEAD  
WITH THE SAME  
GESTURE HE  
USED ON THE GOLD  
COIN.

PATERSON SITS  
DOWN ABRUPTLY  
ON THE PAVEMENT.

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THE DOCTOR RUNS  
OFF AFTER THE  
CAT.

PATERSON GAPES  
AFTER HIM)

PATERSON: (cont) How'd he do that?

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32. EXT. PLANET. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(ACE IS RUNNING  
OVER ROCKS,  
PANTING, LEGS  
AND ARMS BEGINNING  
TO GET CLUMSY WITH  
FATIGUE.

THE CHEETAH ON  
HORSEBACK IS  
ALMOST ON TOP  
OF HER.

ACE FALLS. SHE  
IS RIGHT BESIDE  
A CLUMP OF TREES.  
THICK STUNTED  
BLACK THORN BUSHES.

THE CHEETAH RIDES  
PAST HER AND  
STOPS. IT DISMOUNTS  
IN ONE EASY  
MOVEMENT. IT  
STARTS TO MOVE  
TOWARDS HER HALF  
CROUCHED, STALKING.  
IT SMILES ITS  
TOOTHY SMILE. IT  
IS FEMALE. THIS  
IS KARRA,  
DISTINGUISHED FROM  
THE OTHER CHEETAHS  
BY HER DARK  
BLAZE OF FUR.

ACE STRUGGLES UP  
TO A CROUCH LOOKING  
ROUND FOR SOMETHING  
TO USE AS A  
WEAPON. HER EYE  
IS CAUGHT BY A  
MOVEMENT IN THE  
COPSE OF TREES.

STUART IS PEERING  
OUT FROM BETWEEN  
THE TREE TRUNKS  
ON THE EDGE OF  
THE COPSE. HIS  
FACE IS STREAKED  
WITH BLOOD AND  
DIRT, HIS CLOTHES  
ARE SIMILIARLY  
DISHEVELLED)

STUART: (URGENT WHISPER) Go away!  
Get away from here!

(ACE LOOKS BACK  
AT THE CHEETAH.

THE CHEETAH HAS  
PAUSED LISTENING  
AND SNIFFING THE  
AIR, IT TURNS  
ITS HEAD TOWARDS  
STUART MAKING  
A FAINT PURRING  
GROWL IN ITS  
THROAT.

STUART GIVES SOB  
OF TERROR AND  
STUMBLES OUT OF  
THE TREES, LOOKING  
ROUND FRANTICALLY  
FOR SOMEWHERE ELSE  
TO ESCAPE OR  
HIDE.

ACE SNATCHES UP  
A ROCK AND  
STANDS FACING  
THE CHEETAH, SHE'S  
BETWEEN IT AND  
STUART.

THE CHEETAH GLIDES  
TOWARDS THEM,  
A CROUCHING LOPE.

STUART TURNS AND  
RUNS.

THE CHEETAH IS  
RIGHT ON TOP  
OF ACE.

ACE RAISES THE  
ROCK.

THE CHEETAH  
FLASHES RIGHT  
PAST ACE GAINING  
SPEED NOW, IT  
SPRINTS AFTER  
STUART, JUMPS AT  
HIS BACK KNOCKING  
HIM TO THE GROUND.

THE CHEETAH SMILES  
DOWN AT STUART.

ACE'S FACE AS  
STUART SCREAMS.

ACE STARTS TO  
WALK TOWARDS THE  
CHEETAH, HOLDING  
HER ROCK, BREATHING  
FAST.

THE CHEETAH SLINGS  
STUART'S BODY  
OVER ITS SHOULDER  
AND STARTS TO  
WALK BACK TO  
ITS HORSE. IT SEES  
ACE. IT STOPS AND  
SNARLS AT HER.

ACE STOPS DEAD.

THE CHEETAH SLINGS  
STUART'S BODY  
OVER THE HORSE,  
MOUNTS AND GALLOPS  
OFF.

ACE IS WATCHING  
IT RIDE AWAY  
AS SHREELA COMES  
OUT OF THE TREES  
BEHIND HER.

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SHREELA LOOKS  
HALF STARVED,  
HER CLOTHES ARE  
IN RAGS)

SHREELA: He shouldn't have run, they  
always go for you if you run.

(ACE TURNS)

ACE: Shreela?

SHREELA: Hi Ace.

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33. EXT. ALLEY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR ON  
HIS HANDS AND  
KNEES STALKING  
A PILE OF  
DUSTBINS.

THE DOCTOR SEEN  
FROM BEHIND  
A DUSTBIN.  
CAT'S P.O.V.  
HE SMILES  
INGRATIATINGLY)

THE DOCTOR: Why don't you come out  
and we'll talk about this sensibly.  
Hmmm?

(THE DUSTBINS ARE  
KNOCKED FLYING  
AS THE CAT MAKES  
A RUN FOR IT.

THE DOCTOR POUNDS  
UP THE ALLEY  
IN PURSUIT.

PATERSON APPEARS  
AT THE OTHER END  
OF THE ALLEY)

PATERSON: Oy!

(PATERSON RUNS  
AFTER THEM)

34. EXT. PLANT. COPSE OF TREES. DAY.

(ACE AND SHREELA  
WALK INTO A  
CLEARING IN  
THE COPSE.

TWO BOYS ARE  
HUDDLED OVER  
A TINY FIRE.

ONE IS ATTEMPTING  
TO ROAST SOME  
KIND OF SCRAGGY  
RODENT IN THE  
SMOKE.

THE OTHER IS  
CHEWING ON  
LEAVES WITH  
NO APPARENT  
APPETITE.

BOTH ARE WEARING  
GRUBBY REMNANTS  
OF CLOTHES AND  
ARE HOLLOW EYED  
AND STARVED LOOKING.

THEY LOOK ROUND  
WITH HARDLY  
ANY INTEREST)

ACE: Midge?

(THE LEAF CHEWER  
NODS)

MIDGE: Hi Ace. Long time.



ACE: Is Stevie here too?

SHREELA: He was.

MIDGE: Stevie? He's cat food isn't he?

(THE OTHER BOY  
LAUGHS)

SHREELA: Stop it!

MIDGE: (INDICATES OTHER BOY) This is  
Derek, he's doing pretty well, been  
here three weeks and only flesh wounds.

(DEREK GRINS AT  
ACE.

HE KEEPS TURNING  
HIS FOOD IN  
THE FIRE. HE IS  
SHAKING VIOLENTLY.

MIDGE SHOVES  
SOME MORE LEAVES  
IN HIS MOUTH,  
IGNORING THEM  
ALL AGAIN.

ACE LOOKS AT  
SHREELA)

SHREELA: We'll have to move on soon,  
they hunt at night sometimes.

(SHE SITS DOWN,  
STARTS ROCKING  
HERSELF TO AND  
FRO.

MIDGE IS LOOKING  
INTO SPACE)

MIDGE: They can see in the dark.  
You can't see them, just their eyes.

(DEREK SHIVERS.

ACE LOOKS ROUND  
THEM ALL. TAKING  
IN THEIR EXHAUSTION  
AND DESPAIR)

ACE: Just as well I'm back, you need  
sorting out you lot.

35. EXT. LOW WALL. DAY.

(THE CAT IS  
NOW ON TOP  
OF A WALL  
LOOKING BACK.

THE DOCTOR RUNS  
TO THE FOOT  
OF THE WALL.

THE CAT JUMPS  
OFF THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THE  
WALL AND VANISHES  
IN MID-AIR.

THE DOCTOR  
SCRAMBLES UP  
THE WALL AND  
TEETERS ON TOP  
OF IT.

PATERSON RUNS  
TO THE FOOT OF  
THE WALL, LUNGES  
UP AND GRABS  
THE DOCTOR'S  
FOOT)

PATERSON: Oh no you don't!

THE DOCTOR: (TEETERING) Get off you fool!

(THE DOCTOR  
TOPPLES. BOTH  
HE AND PATERSON  
VANISH INTO THIN  
AIR.

THE SOUND OF A  
LONG DRAWN OUT  
CAT YOWL)

36. EXT. CHEETAH ENCAMPMENT. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
PATERSON APPEAR  
IN A TUMBLING  
HEAP ON A  
SUNNY PATCH  
OF GRASS.

THEY LOOK ROUND.

THEY ARE IN  
A FLAT STRETCH  
OF LANDSCAPE,  
BLEACHED GRASSES,  
PALE ROCKS,  
VOLCANOES ON  
THE HORIZON.

TENTS WITH HORSES  
TETHERED BESIDE  
THEM SPECKLE  
THE LANDSCAPE.

IN FRONT OF THEM  
A TENT HAS ITS  
AWNING PINNED  
BACK, SPRAWLED  
ON FURS SEVERAL  
CHEETAH PEOPLE  
ARE LYING IN  
THE SUN IN FRONT  
OF IT, CHEWING  
ON RAW MEAT LIKE  
A PICNIC PARTY.

THEY ARE ALL  
LOOKING AT THE  
DOCTOR AND PATERSON.

ONE OF THEM YAWNS,  
ANOTHER IMPRESSIVE  
DISPLAY OF  
DENTISTRY.

SOME HAVE CATS  
ON THEIR LAPS  
OR SITTING ON  
THEIR ARMS LIKE  
HAWKS.

THE CAT THEY  
FOLLOWED TROTting  
OVER THE GRASS.  
IT MOVES  
PURPOSEFULLY  
TOWARDS TWO OF  
THE CHEETAHS WHO  
ARE SITTING SO  
AS TO MASK ANOTHER  
FIGURE, THEY  
MOVE ASIDE TO  
LET IT PASS,  
THE FIGURE IS  
REVEALED AS THE  
MASTER.

THE CAT CLIMBS  
INTO HIS LAP.

THE MASTER STROKES  
THE CAT, HE'S  
SITTING AMONG THE  
PICNICKING CHEETAHS,  
HE SMILES)

THE MASTER: Why Doctor ...

(THE MASTER'S  
EYES BECOME  
CAT'S EYES)

... what an unexpected pleasure.

FADE OUT